

Sensational Sisters

In the past year and a half, my parents have had five kids, but now there are only three. Know why? It's because I have one brother and had three foster sisters. Our family adopted one of the foster children.

Our first foster child was a girl .she clung to my mother and wouldn't let my dad hold her. She was Mexican-American. Her birthday was November 2. She loved blocks, and could crawl as fast as a rabbit. She was very loving and didn't like it when anyone was sad. She was 14 months old when we got her. She stayed for only two weeks and went to her grandma's house with her three brothers and sisters. A few days after she left our house, a social worker called and asked if we could take her back because it was too many kids for the grandma to handle, but by then, we already had another foster child. We never saw her again.

The new foster girl was the same age as our previous foster child.. She was African American. She has four older brothers and one younger sister (After she left, another girl was born, so now she has four brothers, two sisters). She was held as much as possible by my dad in the beginning, so she wouldn't get attached just to my mom. . She learned to walk and talk at our house. She stayed with us for over a year. She never really learned to talk whole sentences, though. The best she could say would be like, "I wa eat."

We taught her, and our next foster child,) how to count by climbing stairs. We would count every time we climbed them and, finally, one day we would walk up the stairs and count and they would count with us.

She used to always brush my hair with a comb or with her hands for up to 20 minutes at a time. Whenever she was doing this I watched TV because it took such a long time.

After a while, her dad did the stuff he needed to do to have her. He took classes and he promised he would be a good parent. After she visited him for a few days, she was given to him. When she left I was so sad. She had been my sister for so long and then she was gone. She had been part of the family and I loved her so much!

We didn't see her until six months later when she and her mom came to our house to celebrate her birthday. She had turned three, and she looked gigantic! She wasn't a baby anymore; she was a little girl!

When we got our third and final (for now) foster child she had already been in foster care for a year. Her first foster mother, Judy, got her when she was only two days old. She was also one and a half when she came to our house. She has six brothers and sisters and she is the youngest.

For about a month, she had visited us and slept over at our house until she knew us well enough to stay with us. Eventually she became a permanent part of our family because we adopted her.

I am so glad that my parents participated in the foster care program. I still wish both of my foster sisters were in my family too, but I'm satisfied with my brother and sister right now. Who knows? I might get another foster brother or sister.

Written by a boy who's family chose to be foster parents.

